

Most American Christianity is full of shit. Including HTPB founder Carl Grant's book.

Most people in the business community are the furthest from the Kingdom of God—until they get fired, or go bankrupt, or lose their family to work, or are unable to speak at their daughter's wedding without using tech bro speak.

I am also full of shit. I have nothing to offer but what my rookie sales training called vendor verbal vomit.

I'm trying to sell you something. I'm trying to impress you with how sharp and witty and original I am, but I understand that the Washington business community probably cannot relate to that.

One of the tropes in these types of speeches is to talk about a difficult time—perhaps involving one's child—that demonstrates that if one has faith, or if one comes to faith during the experience, that everything eventually works out enough to take yet another Christmas card picture or facebook family photo.

I'm not going to do that.

Actually, I am going to do that. I have a daughter with a rare genetic condition. She cannot talk, or walk more than a few feet. Everyday with her calls bullshit on my smooth talking narrative about how I moved to Washington from a small town and made it in the city with no connections.

How can you say that the elements of my identity—philosophy, lay theologian, elite education including a law degree, and two unicorn resume narratives—how can that amount to a hill of beans when your daughter can't talk?

If my identity, if what defines my worth as a human, is my southern charm hussle, where does that leave my daughter?

Well it leaves her as the most important teacher I've ever had—more than any college professor, or law school professor, or theologian, or business leader.

She shows me every day—I will be changing her diapers for the rest of my life—she shows me every day what Jesus taught. She teaches me that the importance of my life does not rest on metrics but on love. My daughter cannot talk, but she can love. We all can.

Now Jesus is not talking about a Hallmark movie. He's talking about a way of being that surrenders self-definition and self-preservation.

A way of being that completely decouples the usual levers of power and manipulation and intimidation from one's identity—making one internally free. Free to love one's enemy—not to bring about paradise on earth, but to show them that they are powerless over you.

Let me conclude with my favorite passage of scripture:

18 For the word of the cross is folly to those who are perishing, but to us who are being saved it is the power of God. **19** For it is written,

“I will destroy the wisdom of the wise,
and the cleverness of the clever I will thwart.”

20 Where is the wise man? Where is the scribe? Where is the debater of this age? Has not God made foolish the wisdom of the world? **21** For since, in the wisdom of God, the world did not know God through wisdom, it pleased God through the folly of what we preach to save those who believe. **22** For Jews demand signs and Greeks seek wisdom, **23** but we preach Christ crucified, a stumbling block to Jews and folly to Gentiles, **24** but to those who are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God. **25** For the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men.

1 Corinthians 1:18-25